

Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 25.

Boston, August, 1892.

No. 3.



SUMMER.

We are indebted for this beautiful picture to the Electro Light Engraving Company, 157 & 159 William Street, New York City.

INCREASING OUR ARMY.

Congress is voting vast sums to build warships and fortifications, and is considering the necessity of increasing our standing army.

But there is another army forming in America, which ought to be a *thousand times* more important.

Every "Band of Mercy" is a part of that army, adding just so much to its power, not only to prevent *every form of cruelty*, but for the protection of property and life.

There is no way under heaven by which we can more surely stop the growing conflicts between the white and colored races of the South, which may involve the North, and the conflicts between capital and labor coming up all over our country, than by forming "Bands of Mercy," not only in all our cities, but in every country town of every State and Territory.

Our "American Humane Education Society" already numbers on its roll nearly fourteen thousand of these organizations.

With the financial power of missionary societies established to convert foreign heathen, it could plant a *hundred thousand* of its "Bands of Mercy" in our public schools, and similar organizations in our colleges and higher institutions of learning, fill them with its humane literature, and send out over this whole country a mighty influence for the promotion of peace on earth and goodwill to every living creature.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A DOCKING LAW IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

We are delighted to learn from Washington that Congress has followed our example by enacting a law *precisely similar to ours*, making the *life mutilation of any horse by docking* punishable by imprisonment in jail not more than one year, or by fine of *not less than \$100 nor more than \$250*.

Let every State follow the example of Massachusetts and Congress.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S HORSE.

FROM RECENTLY PUBLISHED LIFE WRITTEN BY MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON.

"Among the stores captured at 'Harper's Ferry,' not the least valuable was a train of cars on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, bound for Washington, loaded with horses for the government. This was a lawful prize, and was at once turned over to the Confederate army, except two which Jackson purchased; and, hoping that hostilities would soon blow over, he selected the smaller one, which he called 'Fancy,' as a present for his wife, thinking his size and gait were admirably suited for the use of a lady. His name of 'Fancy' seemed rather a misnomer,

for he was anything but a fancy-looking animal; but he was well formed, compactly built, round and fat, and his powers of endurance perfectly wonderful. Indeed, he seemed absolutely indefatigable. *His eyes were his chief beauty, being most intelligent and expressive and as soft as a gazelle's.* He had a peculiar habit of lying down like a dog when the command halted for rest. His master made a pet of him, and often fed him apples from his own hand. General Jackson had several other horses, but he preferred the little sorrel to them all, finding his gait, as he expressed it, 'as easy as the rocking of a cradle.' He rode him in nearly every battle in which he was engaged.

After being lost for a time upon the fall of his master at Chancellorsville, he was found by a Confederate soldier and kindly sent by Governor Letcher to the family of General Jackson in North Carolina, and lived many years in Lincoln county on the farm of the Rev. Dr. Morrison, father-in-law of the general, and with whom his family made their home. Here he was treated to the greenest of pastures and the best of care, and did excellent service as a family horse, both in harness and under the saddle, and for a long time was the riding horse of the venerable minister to his country churches. One of the young Morrisons used to say that Old Fancy (as he was called on the farm) "had more sense than any horse he ever saw." He could make as good use of his mouth in lifting latches and letting down bars as a man could of his hands, and it was a frequent habit of his to let himself out of his stable, and then go deliberately to the doors of all the other horses and mules, liberate each one, and then march off with them all behind him, like a soldier leading his command, to the green fields of grain around the farm—a fence proving no obstacle to him, for he could, with his mouth, lift off the rails one by one until the fence was low enough to jump over; so that he was continually getting into mischief. But he was such a pet that he was allowed to do anything; and was often taken to county fairs, where he was an object of as much interest as one of the old heroes of the war.

His hardiness was shown by his great longevity, for he was over thirty years of age when he died, in 1886, at the Soldiers' Home in Richmond, Virginia; and such was still the enthusiasm for the old war-horse that his body was sent to a taxidermist to be mounted. It now stands in a glass case in the library, where the veterans, as they look upon it, can imagine that they see again their beloved commander as they have seen him so often on the field of battle.

This horse was not docked. General Stonewall Jackson did not belong to the "Docktail Cavalry," no more than did Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and other great leaders, who had something more important in life than spending their time chasing foxes, driving docktail coaches, horse racing, and gambling.

THE POLICEMAN DIDN'T HELP HIM.

"Madam," said a New York street-car conductor to a young lady, "you have a dog under your shawl, and you must leave the car."

"What! Leave the car!" said the lady. "I have paid my fare and I'm going to stick right where I am."

"Then I shall have to put you off," replied the conductor.

But at once a law point came into the lady's head. "Give me back my fare, then," she said. "I got on in good faith, and when I paid my five cents a contract was completed. You must either carry it out or return the money. I'm not responsible because your directors don't like dogs."

The street-car official stopped the car and hailed a policeman. The point was stated, and the policeman, after pondering for a moment, said:—

"I ain't no judge nor jury, but I claim to have some sense."

"Under your system you might make rules that passengers mustn't wear red neckties, or red noses, or three dollar trousers, and after they have paid fares show 'em the rules and put them off."

"There is no end to such rules you might make to bunco folks out of their ride; and every time a chap looked cross-eyed you would turn to rule No. 324, providing that he mustn't look cross-eyed, and dump him in the gutter."

"The thing ain't fair. There ain't no law to it and it don't go."

Turning to the young woman he said: "You stay where you are, mum;" and to the conductor, "If you try to put her off without giving her back her fare I'll club your head off."

Ting went the bell and on went the car,—dog, young woman, and all.—*New York Herald.*

WHY WE REPUBLISH SOME ARTICLES AND PICTURES.

Because our paper goes one month to about ten thousand American editorial rooms, and the next to another ten thousand, and we wish these articles and pictures to enter every editorial room in North America north of Mexico.

OUR \$1000 PRIZE OFFER.

To the about ten thousand editors who did not receive our July paper, we would say that our above offer for the best equestrian drama of "Black Beauty" has resulted, among other things, in a drama for which the author has been offered \$3000.

Mrs. Martha Perry Lowe is the author of the competing drama of "Black Beauty," called "Old Farm at Birtwick," which our examining committee pronounced a charming and elegantly versified dialogue, very desirable for use in our public schools.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY PRIZES, \$200 AND PERHAPS MORE.

While it is desirable to bring as many of the humane teachings of "Black Beauty" as possible before the large audiences at our theatres and the circus, it is still more important to bring all the teachings of the book in most attractive form before the millions of pupils in our public and private schools.

With that object I now offer, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," four prizes of \$100, \$50, \$30, and \$20 for the four best dialogues embodying the merciful teachings of "Black Beauty" in most attractive form for use in our American schools; giving power to the committee to increase these prizes when the dialogues are made more valuable by songs and music, or an adaptation to the use of stereopticon illustrations.

No prize to be awarded to any dialogue which the committee shall decide to be of too little interest. The dialogues must all be sent to my office on or before December 1st, 1892, must be signed by fictitious names or mottoes, and each be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until after the decision is made.

The committee will be composed of three of the best qualified gentlemen in Boston.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY—THREE PRIZES OF \$200 EACH.

While the circulation, through the influence of our "American Humane Education Society," of nearly or quite a million copies of "Black Beauty" in this country in the past two years, and the even greater circulation which seems probable not only in our own but in European and Asiatic languages, have opened a new field of literature hitherto almost untrodden, they have by no means filled it.

Other books can be written in the interest of the races we call dumb which will be read as widely and with profit almost or equally great.

For the purpose of stimulating such efforts I do, in behalf of the "American Humane Education Society," offer three prizes of two hundred dollars each for the most interesting and useful stories, of not less than a hundred "Black Beauty" pages, on the following subjects:—

1st. The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Southern States and Territories.

2d. The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Western States and Territories.

3d. The kind and cruel treatment of domestic animals and birds in our Northern States.

The scenes of each story to be in the section of country written about.

In the Southern States the mule should be included, and in all the States horses, cattle, sheep, swine, dogs, cats, etc.

All manuscripts must be received at my offices, 19 Milk Street, Boston, on or before November 1, 1892, must be signed with fictitious names, and each be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until the decisions are made.

The committee will consist of three prominent Boston gentlemen, well known to the literary world.

It will be optional with the successful writers to decline the prizes and retain their manuscripts if they so prefer; and no prize will be awarded by the committee to any manuscript unless in their judgment it is deserving of publication.

In regard to the treatment of horses and mules, no better guide can be found than "Black Beauty."

In regard to the treatment of other domestic animals, including cattle, swine, and sheep, in dark and filthy stables, etc., and the multifarious cruelties

to which they are subjected, the field is at present comparatively new.

For suggestions of some of the forms of cruelty proper to be introduced into these stories, see my address to the sixty-one large High, Normal, Latin, and Grammar schools of Boston, which will be sent without charge to all wishing it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE "DOCKTAIL" CAVALRY, INFANT-RY AND ART-ILLERY. THREE PRIZES FOR WRITERS.

In behalf of "The American Humane Education Society" I offer three prizes, of fifty dollars, thirty dollars, and twenty dollars, for the three best comic songs, adapted to the most popular music, on "The Man (or Dude) with the Docktailed Horse," "The Docktail Cavalry," "The Docktail Infant-ry," "The Docktail Artillery," or similar subject, the object being to have them sung in the equestrian drama of "Black Beauty," and on the stage and elsewhere, to awaken public sentiment in regard to the ridiculous folly as well as cruelty of the life mutilation of horses by docking.

All manuscripts must be received at my offices, 19 Milk St., Boston, on or before Nov. 1, 1892; must be signed with fictitious names and each accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until the decisions are made. The committee will consist of three well-known gentlemen.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

I hereby offer twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence by which our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall convict persons of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., March, 1892.

2000 large cards for posting, containing the above notice, can be had at our offices without charge.

DOCKING HORSES—\$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the life mutilation of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

A BEAUTIFUL PLACARD.

We have had a beautiful placard printed, nine inches by five, containing our society seals and two cuts and the following in large print, which we will cheerfully send to those who will put them up where they will do good:—

If you have any pity for suffering horses—

Don't ride in any vehicle drawn by a poor-looking horse.

Or employ an expressman or teamster who drives one.

Don't ride behind a docked horse, or one tightly checked, if you can help it.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

A BEAUTIFUL HORSE RUINED.

"There is as pretty an animal of his class as can be found—if he was all there. I hope that there will come a time when the legislature of the State of New York, and, for that matter, of every State in the Union, will pass a law making it a penal offence for any one to disfigure his horse in this most brutal way. It pleases, perhaps, about a couple of hundred Anglomaniacs who drive in Central Park, and displease the humane and patriotic sentiment of 60,000,000 of the American people."—Prof. Gleason.

AT SEASIDE.

Johnny—Is that the sea-mew, mamma?

Mamma—I suppose so.

Johnny—Is it the catfish that makes the sea mew?—*Harper's Young People.*



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over thirteen thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over eight hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and State] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



APPEAL OF THE HORSES TO SUMMER VISITORS AT SEASHORE, MOUNTAINS, AND ELSEWHERE.

In addition to our summer vacation work of sending two hundred beautifully bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals" to mountain and seashore hotels, and employing a member of the senior class of Amherst College to visit these hotels to inform their guests in regard to the importance of the work of our "American Humane Education Society," we are now sending out the following circular, which can be obtained in any number, *without cost*, by writing me.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
19 Milk St., Boston.

APPEAL OF THE HORSES.

Dear Friends,—While driving for pleasure and enjoying beautiful scenery, we pray you to consider us.

There is much you can do to protect us from unnecessary suffering and permanent injury. It is true that our owners must keep us through the year, and we are willing to work hard and earn as much as we can for them during the short season you are here, but humbly ask that you will try to create a public sentiment that will protect us from abuse while we are doing our best to make your visits happier. Please kindly refuse to ride in any conveyance that is overloaded, or behind those of us who have had the misfortune to become lame.

Do not urge drivers to drive us too fast. Do not compel us to be driven again when we have already done a hard day's work.

Fast driving and too many hours of work injure us more in one day than weeks of hard work with kind management.

Do not overload our buckboards or other carriages. It is often because you do not think, that drivers feel compelled to overload us.

Drivers wish to please you and do not always have the courage to do what they know is right.

It will help us greatly if, when we come to steep hills with heavy loads, some of you will lighten our loads by walking.

A few moments' stop at the tops of hills to enjoy the scenery will often give us much rest.

Do not encourage drivers to race with each other. Remember that we need and enjoy a drink of fresh water very often.

Before riding us, please see that our saddles fit well and that our backs are not sore, and kindly tell your young sons and daughters that fast riding or driving often means great suffering to us.

When hiring your horses, please discourage the barbarous practice of docking, by giving the preference to those of us who have not been mutilated and doomed to lifelong suffering from flies and other insects.

And to our owners we most humbly petition—If you must use that instrument of torture, the "overcheck rein," do kindly lessen our sufferings by loosening it while we stand waiting for you.

We are glad to learn that it is becoming unfashionable, and many of our finest horses no longer wear it.

What a comfort it would be if we could get rid of those blinders which we are told are never used in some European countries, and which injure our eyes and often cause us to stumble.

When you find we do not eat well, please kindly examine our teeth and see if they do not need filling down, which can be done by a veterinary surgeon in a few moments.

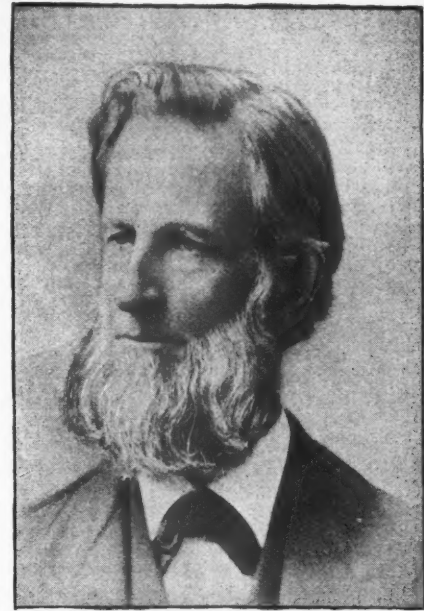
If there is in your place an agent of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," kindly aid him in protecting us, and kindly encourage and aid all those friends of ours who sustain societies for our protection.

You can obtain humane literature to distribute by writing to Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Respectfully submitted by your friends,
THE HORSES.

IN "THE ANGELUS"

We find an interesting account, too long for our columns, of an officer in the British army who had tamed, and always carried with him on his excursions, a pet rat. One day, while he was sketching in the mountains, the rat became very excited, uttering shrill cries, and running away from and then towards his master, then, failing to make him understand, he sprang on his master's knee and bit his wrist slightly, whereupon the officer, looking around, saw an immense bear coming towards him. He had no gun, and only saved himself by running.



We take pleasure in sending the above to the other ten thousand American editors who did not receive the last number of our paper, and whose aid we are constantly asking and often receiving.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

Three gentlemen went up in a great balloon from Boston Common on the Fourth of July.

As many of our readers know, the balloon collapsed, two of the three fell into the harbor and were drowned, the third, a young reporter for the Boston press, named Goldsmith, barely escaped with his life.

The following, cut from the *Boston Post* of July 5th, relates an interesting incident concerning the one saved:—

"At first slowly, then swifter and swifter, the balloon came to the sea until it had fallen to within 300 feet of the water. Then it dropped like an arrow down, down into the angry waves. As death is sublime, the pathos that environs it is touchingly picturesque.

Poor little Goldsmith—as he was dropping to what seemed to him certain death—was conscious that at his feet in the basket was a cage that contained two carrier pigeons.

Why should these little innocents go down to their death? They were still in the air. One wrench at the cover of the cage and they might be free. Eagerly his hand sought the fragile frame that formed their prison cell. One pull, and the two birds with a cry of alarm poised for a moment on the edge of the basket, then spread their wings and were safe."

Was or was not *He* without whose knowledge, we are told, not a sparrow falls to the ground, conscious of this kind act? Did it have any weight with *Him* in saving the life of Goldsmith?

AT FORT ADAMS, NEWPORT, R. I.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I noticed in your last number of "Our Dumb Animals" an instance of cruelty practised on a dog by some members of a military company in Lowell. *Per contra*, I would like to give you an account of a visit I paid to an officer at Fort Adams, Newport, where quite a different state of things existed. It is garrisoned by the 2d Artillery, U. S. Army.

As my friend was showing me around, I was very much struck with the large number of sleek and handsome cats gathered around the soldiers' mess quarters. Many of these had beautiful little kittens playing around them. There were also some small pet dogs, and all seemed to form a happy family. I asked my friend for an explanation. He said, "They are the soldiers' pets," and it is very gratifying to see what good care and kindness they show them. A soldier will feed them from his own rations, and would rather deny himself than that these cats should suffer.

The remarkably well-fed appearance of the cats and pets bore the best testimony to the truth of this statement. There was an air of homelike domesticity which was very pleasing. I have no doubt that the care of these animals reminded many a poor fellow of home; and the kindness and care taken of these pets showed a humane spirit highly creditable, and which is not always associated with the rank and file of the army. EDMUND RODMAN.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, August, 1892.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper, for a public library, reading-room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage, and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty-cent subscription.

Our "American Humane Education Society" sends this paper this month to the editors of about ten thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones. GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to publish this month four hundred and four new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a total of thirteen thousand eight hundred and eighty.

Our "American Humane Education Society" now issues a beautiful cloth-bound volume of our "autobiographical sketches," suitable for libraries, etc., which is sold at our offices for 20 cents, and sent by mail for 25 cents. The paper-bound edition is six cents at our offices, and ten cents when sent by mail.

"BLACK BEAUTY" PRICES AND WARNING.

Our beautiful cloth-bound Library Edition, twenty-five cents at our offices, thirty cents when sent by mail; Board Edition, twelve cents at our offices, twenty cents when sent by mail; Italian Edition, ten cents at our offices, fourteen cents when sent by mail; Anna Sewall Edition, with her photograph and autograph, also our regular Old Gold Edition, six cents at our offices, ten cents when sent by mail. Lower prices when large numbers are ordered.

Various publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued spurious editions of "Black Beauty," leaving out the Codman letter and all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, and substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc. Don't buy them.

A CLEAR PURPOSE.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might. — Bishop Phillips Brooks.

BAND OF MERCY SONGS.

Will friends please send us all the good "Band of Mercy" songs they can. (With or without music.) When we get enough we shall put them into the hands of a competent person to select and prepare a new song book.

THE CARNEGIE CONFLICT BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

We saw a few weeks since that Mr. Carnegie proposed to save all questions in regard to his will by giving away during his lifetime most of the thirty millions of dollars he is said to have accumulated.

We wrote to him at once, submitting the importance of humanely educating the American people, and the objects, work, and plans of our "American Humane Education Society."

We learned a few days later that he was then on his way to Europe.

Whether our letter has reached him there we do not know.

If this Carnegie conflict teaches anything it is the importance of humanely educating both the rich and the poor.

In the early history of our country, while all the other colonies were involved in fierce and bloody wars with the Indian tribes, the colony founded by William Penn, by reason of a humane education which secured fair and merciful dealing, remained in peace.

If Mr. Carnegie wishes to give his money where it will accomplish the most for the perpetuity of free government, the protection of property and life, and the welfare of his own as well as the dumb races, he can do it by giving largely to the humane education of the American people.

How glad we should be to tell through this paper the about twenty thousand other newspapers and magazines to which it goes, and by whose editors it is largely read, that through the munificent donation of Mr. Carnegie, "The American Humane Education Society" is prepared to add to the about fourteen thousand "Bands of Mercy" already formed in all our States and Territories but Alaska a hundred thousand more. GEO. T. ANGELL.

OHIO STATE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

The secretary of the above powerful Ohio State organization writes as follows to the Chicago "Farm, Field and Stockman."

"One of the great instrumentalities against the checkrein is that inestimable book, 'Black Beauty.' We have sold over 3000 copies of this book since the first of December. We receive the nominal price of six cents per copy. It requires three cents, one-half the price, to pay the postage, and we do not realize any profit. But we have done nothing since coming into the office of the State Secretary of the Alliance that has given us more real satisfaction than the sale of this book. The horse tells his own story, of cold days, of his breaking, of his companions, of his change of masters, some kind and some cruel, of the excruciating anguish suffered from the checkrein, in such quaint, guileless, horse-like language as to make the reader think he is indeed listening to the conversation of a real horse. I presented a copy of the book to a teamster who was known to be a heartless horsemaster, and whose horses looked like anxious candidates for the bone yard, and in four months an astonishing change has taken place. His team is in good condition, and he goes through the street talking to his horses as though they were intelligent beings. I hope every friend of the horse will help distribute this book."

COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

We are glad to comply with the request of Hon. T. J. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior, Washington, to send to about eighty Indian schools copies of "Black Beauty" and other humane publications which may lead to "Bands of Mercy" and the prevention in future of those Indian slaughters which have so many times disgraced our country and Christian civilization.

Let every humane reader of this paper be thankful that our "American Humane Education Society" has power to do this merciful work.

MIYAZAKI MEGUMI NO KWAI.

The above is the name of a Japanese "Band of Mercy" formed in Miyazaki, Huga, Kiusiu, Japan, of which we received notice on this July 26, and to which we are glad to supply the humane publications of our "American Humane Education Society."

It is said that "the evening drum of England beats round the world."

It is no idle prophecy that the time may come when the songs of our "American Bands of Mercy" will be sung around the world.

We are informed that 20,000 Band of Mercy children met recently in the Albert Memorial Hall, London.

"What do you do for amusement here?"
Clam Digger—"Watch young city fellers sailing boats."

Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in June.

Whole number dealt with, 319; animals taken from work, 52; horses and other animals killed, 82.

Report of Country Agents for last Quarter.

Whole number dealt with, 365; animals taken from work, 134; killed, 125.

MUCH IN A NUTSHELL.

WORTHY OF THOUGHT BY ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED IN OUR HUMANE WORK.

One of our best friends sends us a check of \$100, and in her letter embodies the most important thought which underlies all our work.

The sentence reads as follows:—

"I sometimes fear that many who read 'Our Dumb Animals,' whom I know to be in need, may wonder I do so much more for the animals than for themselves, not quite realizing that I am earnestly working for a principle that will live forever."

Whoever reads the above thoughtful words may comprehend that humane education is the foundation of every noble charity that now exists or will exist in the coming centuries.

It is good to relieve the sufferings of the poor, but it is infinitely more important to so educate the coming generations that there shall be hundreds of thousands ready to help every humane work.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

MY DEAR MADAM:

The human mind is so constituted, doubtless for wise purposes, that it is impossible for all people to think exactly alike.

The enraptured lover thinks there is but one woman in the world who can make his life happy. The other seven hundred millions or thereabouts are of little account.

So I fear that some of our anti-vivisection friends, from constant thought on one subject, have come to believe that a single stone in the superstructure is more important than all the other stones which compose the great cathedral of humanity.

The sum total of suffering inflicted upon the animal races in cattle transportation, slaughter houses, on the plains in winter, seal fisheries, shooting and wounding millions of birds, and a hundred thousand cruelties inflicted on the horse, dog, cat, cattle, sheep, swine, and other domestic animals in other forms than vivisection, is probably more in a single day than all the suffering inflicted by vivisection in an entire year — in other words, in rightly estimating the sum total of suffering to the dumb races vivisection cannot be fairly considered to be more than one three hundred and sixty-fifth part of the great total.

We do not mean by this to depreciate the cruelty inflicted upon animals in useless vivisection, but we do wish to say that our friends who are giving all their thought to this subject, while carefully studying to do their work in most effective ways which will tend to diminish rather than increase the practice, should never forget that their work is only one stone of the great cathedral, while humane education is the foundation upon which every stone must stand or fall. GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO OUR BANDS OF MERCY.

It is suggested that some teachers in American schools (and we are glad to believe the number must be very small) have attempted to demoralize their pupils by performing totally unnecessary, useless, and cruel experiments on living animals. If any such case should come to the knowledge of officers or members of any of our over fourteen thousand Bands of Mercy, will they kindly give us full particulars.

OUR MISSIONARY.

Our "American Humane Education Society's" missionary, Mr. Hubbard's, recent work has been in Michigan and Indiana.

H. PARMELEE LIBRARIES.

We are glad to know by letter from Mr. H. Parmelee that the H. Parmelee Library Company, of Des Moines, Atlanta, and San Francisco, are placing copies of "Black Beauty" in all the public libraries they are organizing in different parts of the country.

RHODE ISLAND.

It is a pleasure to read the annual report of the Rhode Island S. P. C. A., showing the humane work it has done, and the "Bands of Mercy" formed by its humane educational committee and the efforts of its secretary, Miss Loraine P. Bucklin.

PROMINENT LADIES.

PROTEST OF EIGHTY-TWO BOSTON LADIES AGAINST THE CRUEL PRACTICE.

The undersigned ladies protest against the present practice of docking the tails of horses, as a painful and cruel operation, as a mutilation of the animal for life, and as a fashion devoid of grace and beauty:—

Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Martin Brimmer, Mrs. John Bigelow, Mrs. Amos A. Lawrence, Mrs. O. W. Peabody, Mrs. J. T. Cushing, Mrs. Charles W. Eliot, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, Miss Anna C. Lowell, Mrs. G. H. Shaw, Mrs. Algernon Coolidge, Mrs. P. H. Sears, Mrs. Chas. P. Putnam, Mrs. Wm. F. Cary, Miss M. M. Hunt, Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Walter C. Cabot, Mrs. Francis P. Sprague, Mrs. Edward Cunningham, Mrs. Robert G. Shaw, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Mrs. F. W. Sargent, Mrs. Augustus Hemenway, Jr., Mrs. F. R. Sears, Jr., Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman, Mrs. A. S. Wheeler, Mrs. G. A. Hilton, Mrs. Dwight, Miss Lyman, Miss Wharton, Miss Annie P. Loring, Miss Dodge, Miss Alice Russell, Miss Goddard, Miss Elizabeth C. Putnam, Miss Edith Rotch, Miss Miriam P. Loring, Miss A. Morrill, Miss Sarah C. Paine, Mrs. Francis Brooks, Mrs. John Lowell, Mrs. Rotch, Mrs. Fields, Mrs. C. J. Paine, Mrs. J. Collins Warren, Mrs. Wharton, Miss Eliza C. Winthrop, Mrs. Geo. Baty Blake, Miss Lucy A. Folger, Mrs. George J. Fiske, Mrs. R. D. Smith, Mrs. Frederic Cunningham, Jr., Mrs. W. P. Lyman, Mrs. James Jackson, Mrs. Walter Dabney, Mrs. Mary B. Clafin, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Richard Codman, Mrs. Francis Allen, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Mrs. Parkinson, Mrs. Richard Warren, Mrs. Dr. Brown, Mrs. David W. Cheever, Miss M. P. Sears, Miss S. D. Gore, Miss A. M. Storer, Miss Lily Bangs, Miss Marianne Paine, Miss Lily Ward, Miss A. L. Sears, Miss M. G. Storer, Miss Helen Paine, Miss A. F. Reynolds, Mrs. Chas. G. Loring, Miss Clara T. Endicott, Miss Sarah B. Fay, Mrs. Charles H. Dorr, Mrs. George W. Wales, Miss Helen Loring.

THEY ARE CRIMINALS.

THE FIRST LAW IN THE WORLD AGAINST DOCKING.

[CHAPTER 267.]

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND

EIGHTY-NINE.

AN ACT

TO PREVENT THE MUTILATION OF HORSES.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

Whoever cuts the solid part of the tail of any horse in the operation known as docking, or by any other operation performed for the purpose of shortening the tail, and whoever shall cause the same to be done, or assist in doing such cutting, unless the same is proved to be a benefit to the horse, shall be punished by imprisonment in the jail not exceeding one year, or by fine of not less than one hundred nor more than two hundred and fifty dollars. One-half of all fines collected under this act upon, or resulting from, the complaint or information of an officer or agent of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, shall be paid over to said society in aid of the benevolent objects for which it was incorporated.

House of Representatives, April 17, 1889.

Passed to be enacted.

WILLIAM E. BARRETT, Speaker.

In Senate, April 18, 1889.

Passed to be enacted.

HARRIS C. HARTWELL, President.

April 18, 1889.

Approved.

OLIVER AMES,
Governor of Massachusetts.

The above is the law of Massachusetts, and every man who aids in violating it, no matter how many millions of dollars he may control, is a criminal.

CARD PICTURE OF MUTILATED HORSE.

We have published a beautiful card picture of the above oil painting.

It is a valuable picture to use all over this country to call public attention to the life-long cruelty inflicted on the horse by docking, and we shall be glad to furnish them in any quantity at one cent each, payable in money, postage stamps, or otherwise. We want to distribute 500,000 copies. Write GEO. T. ANGELL.

STEREOPTICON SLIDES.

We have a supply of stereopticon slides made of our oil painting of

THE HORSE MUTILATED FOR LIFE;

also of the four cuts on this page in two slides. We can furnish at 50 cents each slide.

THE BORTAIL FAD.

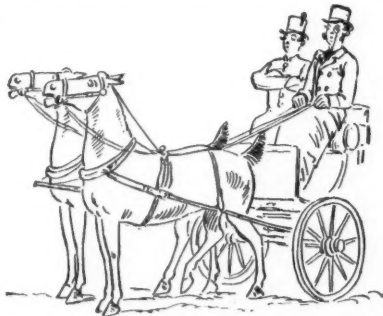
In "The Homestead," of Des Moines, Iowa, a paper of wide circulation, we find the following excellent article:—

"We have, unfortunately, in America a class of fools composed of men, rich by accident or rapine, with their sons and daughters, who lack refinement and culture, and lacking these aim to compensate for inherited coarseness by aping foreign airs. The result is the fad for docking horses, single eye glasses, uncomfortable English saddles, and all the other accoutrements of the titled snob. It is a thousand pities that so noble an animal as the horse should be the victim of their coarse-grained brutality. The following cut illustrates the horrible agony to which the horse is subjected to gratify this senseless non-American fad:



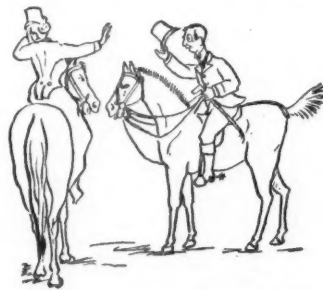
Note the expression of agony on the horse's face, the cruelty on the face of the operator, and the helpless condition of the animal.

We next present our readers with a view of Moneybags, Jr., whose father made his stake by selling grain short or by membership in the sugar trust, or by stealing a railroad, as he goes out for a drive, and tries to make people believe that he belongs to the English aristocracy:



Note that instrument of refined cruelty, the over-head checkrein, the expression of intellectual pain in the horse as contrasted with the vacuity and self-consciousness of the driver, and his gilly who sits by his side with folded arms and white cockade.

It is the glory of the American woman that she shrinks from cruelty and adores true manhood. The artist, by a few happy strokes of his pencil, has given us an illustration of the recoil of a healthy American girl from the sham, pretence, and snobbery that seeks to imitate a phase of English character looked upon with disgust by the real aristocracy of England:



Note the averted face, the outstretched hand! We can almost hear her say—Begone!! The horses may make mutual overtures for acquaintance, but she—never. In our final illustration we discover "Darwin's Missing Link." See?



DARWIN'S MISSING LINK.

Let us hope that the good sense of the American people and their love for good horses will suppress, by an overwhelming public sentiment, the cruelty of docking. The fool rich, like the poor, we must always have with us. If their folly can be divorced from their cruelty they serve a good purpose of affording amusement to men of sense. The fact that these illustrations are lent us by *Our Dumb Animals*, a journal of wide circulation in the East as well as West, shows that the healthy sentiment of the East against this cruel practice is in hearty accord with that of the West."

DOCKING.

The docking of horses' tails by Anglomaniacs who ape English manners and customs should be made a criminal offence, punishable by imprisonment for not less than one year. Nature provided the horse with a tail to brush off the flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, just as the Creator furnished man with hands to protect himself. There are no mosquitoes and scarcely any flies in Great Britain to bother animals. A man who will wantonly cut a horse's tail should be compelled to stand on a sugar dock in hot weather with his hands tied behind his back, and he would then know the agony and torture a poor horse suffers with nothing but a stump of a tail to drive off these pests and tormentors.—From the "American Shipbuilder," New York City.

THE BOSTON PILOT

Calls the men who ride and drive docked horses "heartless idiots."

WILLS GIVING MONEY TO BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

It is an undeniable fact that there seems to be a disposition on the part of worthless relatives to break wills which contain gifts to benevolent objects. At the present time, within our knowledge, the will of one of the most active, clear-headed, and successful merchants, a man holding and managing with the greatest ability large trusts, has been kept in litigation nearly three years by relatives, who claim that he was insane because he chose to give a portion of his property to charities.

Now we wish to say that there is a way in which humane people can avoid this trouble.

Our "American Humane Education Society" and "Massachusetts S. P. C. A." are both authorized to hold half a million dollars, free from taxation, and they have as trustees of their funds, in Mr. Chas. P. Bowditch and Mr. Wm. Minot, Jr., two gentlemen who perhaps have no superiors in Boston as careful and competent investors and trustees.

Both Societies are prepared to take any funds which friends wish to give them, and bind themselves to pay to the givers during their lifetimes the income on the same.

In this way the givers are sure of receiving the income during their lifetimes, and there will be no chance of a plea of insanity being set up after death.

One friend of ours has given to each of three charitable societies the sum of five thousand dollars on the above condition, and receives from each of the three, and will continue to receive from them, during his lifetime, the income of the sums so given.

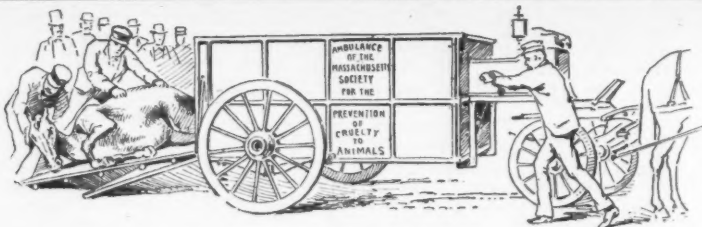
We shall be happy to give further information that may be desired.

And here let us add that we do most earnestly wish that some wealthy friend of our two humane societies would give us a building, in a part of which our offices could be established, and which should be their permanent home for, it may be, a thousand years, the remainder to be rented.

It would be a pleasure to have the building bear the name of its giver, and all income from its rents and a fair compensation for what our societies might use be paid to the giver semi-annually during life.

In this way the giver would receive during life all the income which is now received from its use or rental, freed from the taxes which are now paid on it, as no taxes are required of our societies, and thereafter it would stand as a perpetual monument of his or her benevolence and humanity.

Will friends of our two societies kindly consider this suggestion, and write us for further information? GEO. T. ANGELL.



OUR AMBULANCE.

CARING FOR DISABLED HORSES.

We take the following from the *Boston Evening Transcript*:—

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY; HOW TO SUMMON THE AMBULANCE.

Occasionally one hears of instances where horses fall disabled on the streets and delay is occasioned by the ignorance of those who are in the vicinity in regard to the proper method of procedure in such an emergency. Inquiry on this subject was made of George T. Angell, president of the *American Humane Education Society* and of the *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, who described the arrangements which his society has for the removal of horses which become disabled upon the street. He says that the ambulance of the society is kept by the N. Ward Co., and that it may be summoned at any hour of the day or night by telephoning to No. 1652, or by applying at any police station, where a message will be sent to police headquarters, from which point Ward & Co. will receive prompt notification. During the day, if it is preferred, application may be made to the office of the society, 19 Milk Street, or by telephoning to No. 1226. The ambulance is always in readiness to make the run to relieve the distress of a suffering animal, and the only cause for delay is the absence of the ambulance in some other part of the city on a similar errand. The promptness with which this ambulance arrives is well known, and in several cases where horse and rider have been injured, the ambulance has arrived for the animal before that which was to take the man to the hospital.

If it should happen that this ambulance cannot be obtained for a short time, there is one owned by the West End Railroad Company, and this could undoubtedly be summoned by making an application to any of the officials of that road.

Policemen can always be called upon, for more than six hundred of them are branch members of the society, and are ever ready to give any assistance in their power. So long as the owner of the animal is present and it still lives, they have no right to interfere.

THE DOG THAT CAN DRINK.

The dog that can drink whenever it wants to never goes mad—never. Whenever you hear of a mad dog you hear of a cruel or thoughtless owner, and of a community not yet educated to observance of the maxim, "The merciful man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."—From "Dog Fancier."

COMMANDER SOLEY.

We have had the pleasure of knowing this gentleman who commands our *Naval Battalion*, many years. He is a very different man from that Lowell soldier who coaxed a poor dog into the company's armory, and then for fun poured kerosene over and into him.

We are glad to republish the following from *"The Boston Daily Record"*:—

"One personage at Naval Battalion events is the dog. He belongs to Commander Soley, is a big St. Bernard, and a beauty. He stands guard at the gangway when the gallant tars are doing ship duty and scans visitors with a watchful eye, and oversees everything done with scrupulous attention. The critical eye with which he reviews the men on dress parade is a thing to watch. *The men would spoil him with petting if they could.*"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GOOD SWIMMER.

Harry P. Pratt, of Montrose, Mass., writes us an interesting account of his cat, which in following him swims across a pond.

FOR CAREFUL CONSIDERATION OF THE DOCKTAIL CAVALRY.

"As a man treats an animal, so I believe he would treat his fellow. If wrongly, roughly, brutally, and badly, he would be so to you if it suited his purpose and he—dared."

HARRISON WEIR.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER

FROM ONE OF THE NEW YORK VICE-PRESIDENTS OF OUR "AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY."

I send you this morning a hundred dollars for your "*Humane Education Society*." I should be greatly gratified if the veterinary colleges would more widely circulate information on certain subjects concerning which great ignorance prevails.

I refer especially to the diseases of horses' eyes and teeth and the injuries resulting from improper shoeing.

How many blacksmiths still fit the hoof to the iron, inflicting injury to the horse each time he is shod!

Surely high checking and docking are also important subjects.

"Last year one hundred and two well-defined cases of lockjaw were reported to the Royal S. P. C. Animals, England, with a certificate in each case from the attending veterinary that the malady resulted from docking, and one single veterinary stated that out of thirty-one cases of tetanus which he had been called to attend within a year, twenty-seven of these cases resulted from this same brutal custom."

Definite information is also needed as to the injury to the eye from use of blinders, and the untold pain and irritation caused by them.

It would be distressing to us to look cross-eyed for one moment, and yet this is what blinders compel the animals to do by the hour, nay by the day.

When we remember that saddle horses are always free from this cruel contrivance, as are those of the ambulance and fire departments,—horses from whom are required the fleetest and most prompt and intelligent service, we see how absurd is the almost universal custom of partially depriving our horses of sight.

Horses are great sufferers from toothache," says a veterinary surgeon; the complaint is the real cause of many a runaway that is attributed to viciousness. Their teeth are very subject to decay, and no sufficient attention is paid to their dentistry. Thus it sometimes happens that the metal bit striking upon the exposed nerve of the tooth will set the animal wild, in a moment, and start him off on the run.

In fact, for the time being, the poor beast is almost crazy, and not responsible for what he does.

Cannot our veterinary schools be induced to widely publish information on all these subjects?

Faithfully yours, in the war against cruelty.

[We shall send this article to our Boston veterinary schools and veterinary surgeons through the State, hoping it may result in much good.—EDITOR.]

AN UNKNOWN FRIEND

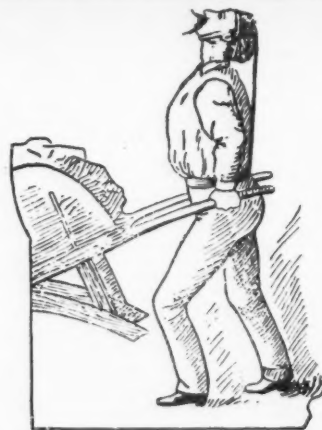
Sends us a Rockland City bond of \$100 to use as we think best. We put it at once into the treasury of our "*American Humane Education Society*."

"Blessed are the merciful."

GOOD MEN IN NORWAY.

I like the Norwegians. All travellers here declare them perfectly honest. I certainly have not seen the slightest disposition on the part of any of them to deceive or cheat, and if trustfulness is an evidence of honesty, these people are wonderfully so. They have big keys to their storehouses and granaries—keys big enough to brain a man with. They are nearly always in the keyhole, or hanging somewhere within reach of one feloniously inclined. At wayside stations, curiosities—sometimes of small silverware—are exposed in the public room where any one can easily carry them off. Farmhouses are left open when the whole family goes off to cut hay. In some unfrequented localities the wayfarer goes to the storeroom, helps himself to milk and "flat-broed," and leaves on the table money enough to pay for what he has used. Frequently a post-boy (he is sometimes a man, and not infrequently a girl or woman) has taken what I have paid for his dues, putting it into his pocket without counting. He always, however, sees what you give him as a gratuity and shakes you by the hand when he says "tak" (thanks). I gave a servant girl too much for our dinner. She was much amused, when she followed me, that I should have made such a blunder. At wayside stations they charge ridiculously low prices, and, as far as I can learn, make no distinction in making charges to foreigners and home people.

CARTER HARRISON, in *Chicago Mail*.



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT YOURSELF?

SAD RAVAGES OF FASHION.

Despite the laudable endeavors of "The Society for the Protection of Birds," the happy fashion appears still, and even increasingly, to make endless holocausts of small fowl for the furnishing forth of "feather trimmings" for the fair sex. We are told that to obtain the delicate and beautiful spiral plume called the "osprey," the old birds "are killed off in scores while employed in feeding their young, who are left to starve to death in their nests by hundreds. Their dying cries are described as heartrending." But they evidently do not read the hearts of our fashionable ladies, or induce them to rend their much-beplumed garments. Thirty thousand black partridges have been killed in certain Indian provinces in a few days' time to supply the European demand for the skins. One dealer in London is said to have received, as a single consignment, 32,000 dead humming birds, 80,000 aquatic birds, and 800,000 pairs of wings. We are told, too, that often "after the birds are shot down the wings are wrenched off during life, and the mangled bird is left to die slowly of wounds, thirst, and starvation."—*London News*.

THE NEW DOCKTAIL FASHION.

This little poem has been so widely republished that we think we ought to send it to the other ten thousand who did not receive it last month:—

THE NEW DOCKTAIL FASHION.

"Now don't you admire my turnout?" she said,
The dear little maid with her eyes of blue;
"Tis a present from Grandpa Billion;
I think he's a duck, don't you?"

"Just look at this dear little carriage!
I always think yellow's so sweet,
And this love of a docktailed pony,
With his delicate high-stepping feet.

"I've named him *Lord Ronald*—the darling!
From the dear old ballad, you see;
And oh, don't you think he's a beauty?
And oh, don't you envy me?"

"Your grandpa may be a duck," I said,
"My dear little maid with eyes of blue,
And your horse might have been a beauty,
But still I don't envy you.

"I never could sit in your carriage,
Behind that stump of a tail,
And your poor beast trying to switch it
For comfort, without avail."

"Oh, dear, but it's all the fashion!" she said,
The dear little maid with eyes of blue.
"Who wants to be thought old-fashioned;
I like to be stylish, don't you?"

"You like to be stylish? but how, then,
If stylish means brutal, my dear?
If your style of a day means the pain of a life
To the dumb beast standing here?"

"This poor stump can have no healing,
No wishing will e'er bring back
The vanished beauty and comfort
This ruined creature must lack.

"The good thing that Nature gave him,
To be his help and his pride,
Is gone; and all that a senseless whim
Be senselessly gratified.

"When Fashion and Folly unite, dear,
'Tis pleasant, mayhap, to see;
But when they join cruelly hand in hand,
Away with the wretched three!

"And I'd rather see you afoot, child,
The whole of your bright life through,
Than see you driving a docktailed horse,
And proud of the thing you do."

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

GOOD FOR THE MULE.

I bought a large iron-gray pack mule to carry my goods across the Sierra Nevadas. I christened him Pete. The day after we started we—Pete and I—came to a nice grassy place. I tethered Pete to a tree, allowing him about twenty feet range, and taking some ham and crackers out of my haversack sat down on a fallen tree to eat them. While I munched the ham and crackers Pete cropped the fresh grass which grew long and green. Suddenly he reared up and snorted in a manner that very plainly said, "Look out!"

I sprang to my feet, and it was well I did so, for it saved me from the embrace of a very large, hungry, and ferocious grizzly bear, who was standing erect and preparing to throw his paws around me. I rushed for the nearest tree and was up in no time.

I was safe for the time being, but, alas, poor Pete! The bear went about things in a very cool and complacent manner. I could see by the expression of his eyes that he was taking Pete's measure, for he cocked his head over on one side and assumed an appearance of great wisdom, as you have seen critics look at a picture.

Pete's behavior, much as I had already learned of that remarkable animal, surprised me. When I was safe his alarm disappeared altogether. He dropped his head and began to nibble the grass again. He went on with his grazing just as if there were no such thing as a grizzly bear in the world. He would nip off the succulent green stems, and chew with great steadiness and regularity, and occasionally I could hear his contented snort as he struck an unusually delicate bunch of grass.

Pete kept on grazing. The bear was as much astonished as I was. Evidently he considered such conduct without a parallel, for he looked harder than ever at Pete, then scratched his head and tried to think out an answer to the problem. But Pete calmly went on with his grazing and looked neither to the right nor to the left, while I sat in my tree and held my breath.

By and by the bear arose, made a grand circuit around the tree in order to watch Pete from every angle and point. Getting no satisfaction out of that mode of procedure he came over to my tree and looked up at me for an answer. But I had none to give him. Between the bear and me we began to think that Pete had lost his mind. Perhaps fright at the appearance of the bear had so bereft him of reason that he continued to eat grass through the mere force of habit.

Soon the grizzly's appetite overcame his curiosity, and he prepared for work. He seemed to me to make a critical examination of his destroying apparatus. He stretched his front paws and slapped the muscles of each with the other. Evidently he was satisfied that he was in good trim, for he showed his great teeth with joy. He appeared satisfied that he was fit to demolish a whole drove of mules.

These things done, the bear gave the signal for action. He opened his mouth and emitted a series of growls which made my flesh creep and my hair rise under my hat.

Pete stopped for a minute. Pete went on grazing. His countenance expressed no proof that he had heard the growling of the grizzly. The latter dropped on all fours, with his hungry mouth open and his great teeth disclosed. Still Pete made no sign that he either saw or heard, but confined his attention strictly to the business of finding dinner. The bear, also having the latter in view, rapidly approached until he was in striking distance, and then, rearing up, prepared to disembowel Pete and break his neck with one blow.

Down came the outstretched paws, and at that moment Pete seemed to become aware for the first time of the presence of the grizzly. He sprang forward, the paws struck only the air, and then I saw a gray form double itself into a ball and bound upward. Out of that ball flew two legs, which shot back and forth with the rapidity of piston rods, going thump, thump upon the body of the grizzly. Up and down went the body and back and forth went the two pile drivers. The bear was struck all over,—on his head, on his shoulder, on his side, on his paws. He fell in one direction and then in another. He was kicked into the air, and pounded, and at length lay on the ground a shapeless mass, while Pete quietly returned to his interrupted grazing without a hair injured. — *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR NOT DOCKTAIL CAVALRY.

At the intersection of Greenwich Street and Park Place, New York, the writer witnessed some days ago an incident worthy of an artist's brush. It was almost impossible for any one to "get on the other side" at that hour, there was such a jammed and fumbled procession of vehicles of every description, with the usual uproarious pandemonium.

All at once everything stopped, not a wheel moved, the drivers in the foreground of the picture held their reins taut and firm, and as firmly held their mouths shut. All the pressure from behind could not make them budge an inch. The high heads of their horses alone tossed with impatience at their restraint. What was happening, anyway? A fair young girl, 15 or 16 years old, was making her way alone across the street on crutches! Like the children of Israel passing between the walls of divided waters did the maiden walk securely over the space those manly fellows had cleared for her, and not until she was fairly well landed on the sidewalk was a hoof allowed to clatter or a wheel to turn. It was a gallant spectacle. — *Boston Herald*.

The dog that loses his master is without a friend, and so are some men when they lose a dog. — *Binghamton Republican*.



FALLS ON QUEBEC & LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY, NEAR ROBERVAL.

For this beautiful picture we are indebted to the Engraver & Printer Co., 84 Summer Street, Boston, and "The Art Publishing Co.," 132 Boylston Street, Boston.

PAT'S ANGEL—A POEM—

Tells how on a cold morning in Chicago Pat had a bad fall on the ice. The rest we take from "The Christian Observer."

I thought I'd dead for a minute,
So I let myself just lay,
And I wondered, kind o' stupid,
If I'd get to Heaven that day—
And then, thinks I, "I've got there,"
For I heard an angel say:

"Poor fellow, he's had a tumble,
Just help me lift his head."
"And your scarf will stop the bleeding,"
Another angel said.

And I thought, "If this is Heaven,
It's jolly to be dead."

Somehow I didn't know nothin',
Till I opened my eyes up wide
In what I guess was a drug store,
'Cause there's bottles on the side,
And the loveliest lady standin',
And lookin' as if she'd cried.

At first I's so awful happy
I couldn't say a thing,
Then I said, "If you're an angel,
Won't you let me hear you sing?"
And she answered, "I'm not an angel,
I'm the Daughter of a King."

She said I could allus tell 'em
By the silver cross they wear,
And she explained to me her meanin',
And I thanked her for her care;

I tell you I'll not forget her,
That lady good and fair.

And now when I meet a lady
Who wears a cross like that,
I bow as polite as I can, sir,
And take off my old felt hat.
For I b'lieve they're all of 'em angels,
As sure as my name is Pat.

— *Christian Observer*.

TWO CHOIRS.

A dead bird had its perch
In her hat—the latest style;
And she entered the church
With a complacent smile;
For she knew as she sat
How the *dudes* would admire
The dead bird in her hat
As she sang in the choir,
Singing praise to the Lord in her way.

To the woodland repair;
Oh, with me come along,
Where the balmy spring air
Is replete with bird-song;
For God, who hears prayer
In the soul's mute desire,
Is interpreter there
Of that sweet feathered choir,
Singing praise unto him every day.

JOHN SPOLLON, in *Fibre & Fabric*.

HOW KING KALAKAUA ESCAPED A HAWAIIAN REVOLUTION.

We have recently read an interesting account in the *San Francisco Examiner* of a Hawaiian revolution in which the Hawaiian army, consisting of sixty-seven native soldiers and about half as many officers, marched on the palace. Just as they reached it some English friends of the king, with a tremendous bull-dog, came out. The bull-dog started for the army and the army took to its heels. The bull-dog chased the army out of the palace grounds, and that ended the revolution.

CUPID AND THE CAT.

He lives in Evanston, and during the past two years has been paying his addresses to one of the most charming girls on the north side. Their engagement was announced almost a year ago.

Several weeks ago, while they were walking home from church Sunday, they ran across a cat that was wailing piteously on a doorstep. "Do you hear that, Jim?" she exclaimed, grasping his arm with a closer grip. "There's something the matter with that poor little pussy. I'm going to see what ails it."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "Let's go on; the cat will take care of itself."

"No; let's see what is the trouble."

Without more ado the young woman ran up to the cat and was horrified to find that the animal had been run over by a wagon, as its spine was dislocated and it was barely able to crawl by dragging its hind legs. "She's done for, sure enough," commented the Evanstonian. "She won't last long. Come on, now."

The girl suddenly straightened up to her full height. "Do you mean to say that you would leave any animal to suffer like this? There is a drug store on the next corner. Run over there and buy an ounce of chloroform. Hurry, now, there's a dear!"

"Nonsense! You don't suppose I'm going into the business of doctoring sick cats on the streets, do you? Be sensible."

"And you don't suppose I'm going to let this cat suffer here, do you? Go and bring me a bottle of chloroform instantly."

"I won't do it."

"But I insist."

"You certainly can't be in earnest?"

"I certainly am. If you don't do it I will go after it myself."

"You want to make me appear ridiculous?"

"Hurry up, dear!"

For a moment the young man did not stir. The blood rushed to his face, and he began to grow angry. "See here!" he exclaimed. "This is carrying matters entirely too far. I will permit no woman to make a fool of me like this. I'll get your chloroform if you really insist, but I warn you—I will never have anything to do with you again. Mark that!"

"Get the chloroform."

"If I do everything is over between us."

"All right; bring it."

Two minutes later a fine lace handkerchief saturated with the anesthetic was applied by a fair, white hand to the nose of the suffering brute, and the wailing ceased. — *Chicago Mail*.

THE BEST MOSQUITO REMEDY.

Mr. C. H. Russel, of Bridgeport, Conn., says: A very high tide recently flooded the salt meadows of Stratford, Conn. The receding tide left two lakes nearly side by side of the same size. In one lake the tide left a dozen or more small fishes, while the other one was fishless. A recent examination showed that while the fishless lake contained tens of thousands of mosquito larvae, that containing the fishes had in it no larvae.

An English gentleman living on the Riviera, according to a correspondent of "Nature," having been troubled by mosquitoes, discovered that they bred in the large tanks used for storing fresh water, which is rather a rare commodity at this Mediterranean resort. He put a pair of carp in each tank and succeeded in this way in exterminating the insect pest.

The utilization of fish in this way is an old suggestion, and a very practical one under some circumstances. Many people suffer from the mosquito plague when the insect breeds in a circumscribed and easily accessible place, and where it could be destroyed by some such method as that used by the level-headed Englishman. — *Insect Life*.

INCONTROVERTIBLE.

Little Daisy had a pet cat to which she was so devoted that her anxious mother undertook to lessen her devotion.

"My dear," she said, "you love your pussy too much. What would you do if she were to die, for you would never see her again?"

"Oh, yes, mamma," replied the little one confidently. "I would see my pussy again when I went to heaven."

"No, Daisy," said the mother, "animals have no souls, and when they die that is the end of them. They cannot go to heaven like people."

Daisy's eyes filled with tears, but suddenly she exclaimed triumphantly, —

"Animals do go to heaven, for the Bible says the promised land is flowing with milk and honey, and if there are no animals in heaven where do they get the milk?" — *Baltimore American*.

LONG TAILS AND SHORT TAILS.

A traveller in New England saw the following sign on a board that was nailed to a fence near a village: "Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, \$1.50; short tails, \$1."

The traveller halted and asked the owner of the land why there was a difference in the price for board for horses.

"Well, you see," said the man, "the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short ones are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all." — *Selected*.

ONCE HONORED.

Once before being placed in his tomb every Parisian may be the recipient of homage as profound as would be given to a potentate. It is when going to his own funeral. Men uncover their heads and women devoutly cross themselves while the hearse is passing. This is true even of the drivers of tram cars, buses, and drays, and of the maids in white caps. — *New York Sun*.

DOCKING.

(From "Montgomery Standard.")

George T. Angell, editor of "Our Dumb Animals," and president of the American Humane Education Society, requests through his pages that "all horse-breeding associations make an effort to effectually stop the mutilation of American horses by docking, and that they adopt a rule that no prize shall be awarded to a mutilated horse." Now if that is not a sensible proposition and one that ought to be acted upon throughout the United States and the world, will the horsemen tell us what is?

THE MAIL DOG OWNIE.

The May 18th *Weekly Stamp News* gave an interesting account of *Ownie*, the mail dog, so well known to railway mail service clerks. We publish below an account of this same *Ownie*, which was handed to us some time ago: —

The little daughter of a United States mail inspector tells of a favorite dog, a terrier, that seems to have been foreordained to travel in a postal car and sit on piles of mail bags. His name is *Ownie* — probably because nobody owns him — and his home is on the mail trains and in the post offices anywhere along the line of the Boston & Albany and the New London Northern Railroad.

He keeps watch of the mail-bags, and at whichever of the great termini of the roads he happens to be, he rides with the boys from the cars to the office and from the office to the cars. This is his business; during his four years of life he has never done any other. An idea of the kind of dog *Ownie* is may be gathered from this specimen incident: —

One night, in Albany, after the unloading of the mail car, he started to ride, as usual, on the bags in the wagon, but when the post office was reached he was not on board. This was strange, for no temptation had ever been strong enough to lure him from his post.

The sacks were delivered, and as the men called them over one was found to be missing. The wagon driver hurried back to look along the streets. After searching over a good part of his route he caught sight of *Ownie* in the gutter, wagging his tail and sneezing in his queer way to be recognized. The lost mail bag was there, and he was sitting on it.

The treasury department seal of "Fidelity" is the picture of an iron safe and a watch-dog with his paw on the key. Somewhere in the post office department there ought to be a picture of *Ownie* sitting on a mail-bag.

POLLY SAVED THE VALUABLES.

We had moved into a newly built house, which had all modern improvements, the electric bell being one of them.

It was a cold winter's night. Mr. and Mrs. J. were travelling in Europe and the servants were all gathered about the kitchen fire. Polly was in the dining room up stairs.

She used to see our mistress ring the bell for the servants to enter, and, like a clever bird, studied on this for a long while and learned to do it.

On this night Polly was all alone; when suddenly the door opened and two men entered. The room being dark they could not see the bird and began searching for valuables.

Polly put out her claw and pressed the button of the electric bell.

It brought the servants to the dining room, where, after a short struggle, they secured the burglars, who were about to make way with the valuable silver.

Polly was fed on dainties as a reward for her assistance. — *New York Recorder*.

THE BELL BIRD.

Travellers in the forest of Brazil often hear a clear, ringing sound, exactly like that of a church bell, though they may be hundreds of miles from any church or bell made with human hands. This is the voice of the bell bird, a white bird about the size of a pigeon, which sits for hours on the very top of some tall tree, uttering its slow, solemn note. It is strange to hear in the middle of a dense forest the sound of bells so familiar to those who live in cities.

A TOUCH OF HUMANITY.

Julian Jordan has told in song what has a tinge of pathos. *Mario*, the great singer, was one day walking along one of the Paris boulevards when he passed a blind beggar soliciting alms. Mario had a tender heart, but on this particular occasion was without money. He was anxious to do something for the poor man, and suddenly bethought himself of his voice, which he knew if he used *would* certainly fill the beggar's cap with money. He tried the experiment, and the beggar went home that night happy: —

There walked one day in a city fair,
A city beyond the sea,
A singer whose fame in that city fair
Surpassed by none might be;
Lightly humming a favorite air

As slowly he walked along,
Until at length there came to his ear
The strain of a plaintive song,
A poor blind beggar was singing
By the wayside, asking alms;
The great singer paused to listen —
The beggar knew not who heard,
Or how great was the fame of that singer,
Whose heart with pity was stirred.

But when the beggar had finished his plaint

A thought to the singer came —
One song I'll sing for sweet charity,
One song in humanity's name!
And then by the side of the beggar he stood,
And grandly he sang a song,
Till all the beggar's wants were supplied,
Then the singer passed along.
There was one poor heart made happy,
And the angels smiled from above;
There was one poor heart made happy and glad
By that act of pity and love!
And that song was recorded in Heaven,
That song for sweet charity;
And the Father of love will remember
That touch of humanity.

AFTER THE COWS.

The pasture reached to the bleak uplands where the sugar maples stood
Firmly rooted amid the rocks, at the edge of the great pine wood;
The brook from the spring in the forest leaped downward in clouds of spray,
And the tall ferns drooped and nodded their heads above the boulders gray.

The hush of the summer evening fell, restful and cool and damp;
The firefly in the buttercup meadows lighted his ghostly lamp;
And high the flare of the sunset climbed up the dome of the blue;
As three little children went after the cows, barefooted through the dew.

The whippoorwill sang in the alders that fringed the bank of the stream;
And, like the mystical music one hears in a beautiful dream,
The tinkle of cow-bells blended with the rippling waters below,
And the full red moon in the shadowy east on the horizon hung low.

The air was sweet with the clover bloom from the haunted meadows of the bees,
And the woody scent of the mosses that hid in the shade of the trees;
The cow-path wound through the hemlocks and round the high ledges curled,
Where, gazing out through the distance, we saw to the ends of the world!

We called the cows through the gloaming — Ruby, and Beanie, and Floss,
Cherry, and Molly, and Dimple, and Bounce — "Co', boss! co', boss! co', boss!"

Knee-deep in the gurgling river they crowded and pushed as they drank;
They reared and rubbed each other as they climbed the slippery bank;
They plunged their heads in the clematis as it hung in its tangled net,
And tossed on their horns the eel grass, so snaky and green and wet.

Three little children followed them close, all fearless and happy and free,
Holding the tanned brown hands of each other — three little children, three,
Through the soft cool damp of the shadows and under the light of the stars,
Driving the cows with their tinkling bells home to the barnyard bars.

— *Wide Awake*.

THAT TYPEWRITER.

If any of our friends find blunders in our type-written letters, please put the blame on the typewriter. We have just read of an instance where a life-long separation between friends nearly occurred because the typewriter began the letter "Dear Bother" instead of "Dear Brother."

NED AND BILLY— A GOOD PET FOR CHILDREN.

We have a pet lamb named Billy, who has the range of our lawns. He will leave the most delicious clover to get the soft hand of Ned on his head. They will walk off together, talking as if they understood each other thoroughly. At any rate Billy resents the least meddling with Ned, but will lay his hard head on the boy's knees, and look up into his face with a world of affection. I often see them stretched on the grass together, with Ned's head on his friend's woolly sides.—*Exchange.*

We are pleasantly reminded by the above of a similar attachment between the little son of the landlord of the New Hampshire hotel where we are stopping and his pet lamb, whose call for his playmate we hear from our window as we are writing this.—*EDITOR.*

THE WORD

"HUMANITY."

Jesus spoke the word "love," and the whole world of man's vision was changed. Luther uttered the word "freedom," and the effect of that utterance has not yet been measured. We begin dimly to see that another great word is framing its syllables in the future of our race—the word "humanity."—*Christian Register.*

A SONG FROM THE HEART OF THE SEA.

I sing of the ocean anthems,
A song from the heart of the sea,
From over the great white billows
It was wafted, wafted to me.
It seemed like the voice of a prophet,
In tremulous tones and sweet,
Bidding me list to its message,
As it rippled and sang at my feet.
At times its voice seemed silenced,
And it sank to a whisper low,
And then like the sound of a trumpet
It pealed from its heart below.
And the rosy sun in its splendor
Flashed westward his parting light,
And then sank silently downward,
For the day had taken its flight.
And anon the stars in their glory
Crept out of the silence above,
While the great, glowing heart of the ocean
Still sang its wild song of love.
Till at last a golden bright moonbeam
Made trackless a shining way,
While ever the music seemed floating
Like the voice of an angel's lay.
And my thoughts grew strangely misty,
And my feet seemed to touch the shore
Of God's great sweet eternity,
And I heard His "Forevermore."
And the redeemed ones' hallelujah,
And the great triumphant throng,
While the voice of the mighty billows
Mingled in glorious song.
L. A. FLETCHER.

TWO BROTHERS.

Two small boys signalled a street car, and when it stopped it was noticed that one boy was lame. With much solicitude the other boy helped the cripple aboard the car, and after telling the conductor to go ahead returned to the sidewalk. The lame boy braced himself up in his seat, so that he could look out of the car window, and the other passengers observed that, at intervals, the little fellow would wave his hand and smile. Following the direction of his glances the passengers saw the other boy running along the sidewalk, straining every muscle to keep up with the car. The passengers watched his pantomime in silence for a few blocks, and then a gentleman asked the lame boy who the other boy was. "My brother," was the prompt reply. "Why does he not ride with you in the car?" was the next question. "Cause he hasn't any money," answered the lame boy sorrowfully. The little runner was speedily invited into the car, and the sympathetic questioner not only paid his fare, but gave each boy a quarter besides.—*Golden Days.*



SUMMER ON THE SEA SHORE.

IN THE "HOLY FAMILY," OF NEW ORLEANS,

We find an account, which we are sorry is too long for our columns, of a poor Irish lad who had accumulated fifteen pounds (about \$75) at Calcutta, when he got a letter that his poor old mother in Ireland was in great distress, and about to be sent to the poorhouse. He wanted to get home, but there was a great number of sailors in port, and he could get no employment on any vessel, and finally determined to secrete himself on board a steamer about to sail, and take the consequences of being a stowaway.

He was discovered when out at sea, and at first put in irons. Then they found the fifteen pounds on him, and the captain seized it as passage money. The rest of the story we publish:—

"When he was on the main deck the captain says to him,—
"Youngster, the mate tells me that you have £15."
"Yes, sir," says the boy.
"Hand it over," says the captain.
"The boy turned white, but he pulled a little canvas bag from his bosom and gave it to the captain, who counted fifteen sovereigns out of it.
"Now this," he says, 'won't pay your passage. You can go aft.'"

"The youngster walked aft without a word, and from that minute until the vessel was off the coast of Ireland he hardly spoke at all; and some of the passengers who didn't know his story said he was going home to die; he drooped, and looked so pale and weak.

"It was an awful night that saw us off the shore of Londonderry. A dead lee shore it was, and the steamer had broken her shaft and was drifting on to it. We could hear the waves breaking near us, and we had passed the light that we should have been makin' for."

"Mr. Reynolds," said the captain to the mate, as they stood together on the bridge, 'we'll be on the rocks in half an hour.'"

"Seems so, sir," said the mate. He had not liked the captain since the boy's money was taken from him in the Bay of Bengal.

"The water was far too deep to let go an anchor, even if one could have held, which it couldn't in the gale. Enough head sail had been set to keep the steamer from broachin'-to, but all hands saw that as things were goin' she would soon be on the rocks.

"Suddenly the captain started as some one touched him on the shoulder. The youngster was standing beside him.

"I was born on this coast, sir," he said, very slow, 'and I know every rock on it. I know, besides, a

channel on the port bow. We'll soon be off it. Shall I take you in?'

"If you think you can," says the skipper, 'do. It don't make much difference,' he says, 'turnin' to the mate, 'for we're bound to go ashore anyhow. I'll give him the wheel.'"

"The youngster took the wheel and headed her, so at least it seemed to all of us, for where the breakers sounded loudest. The big fellow that helped him was told to do just as the lad ordered him. It was a ticklish time for all hands. But all at once the rocks seemed to open in front, and the steamer ran through a passage not fifty yards across, and in five minutes we were at anchor in smooth water.

"Next mornin' the skipper said to the boy,—

"Here's your £15, and here's an order on the owners for £100 which they will pay you for saving the ship."

"The lad got the money, paid his mother's rent, and gave her a snug sum for housekeepin', and he and I have been shipmates pretty nigh ever since. That's him callin' me now," concluded the boatswain, pressing the fire out of his pipe with his thumb, as he went on deck to muster the men for Sunday service.

TELLING THE BEADS.

Over the hands that are shining

With the brightest of jewels aglow—

Hands where toil's stains never rested,

To sully their tinting of snow—

Bead after bead dropping downward

Bear pearls for the casket of Heaven;

Prayers breathed for joy in the future,

Thanks breathed for favors God-given.

"Ave Maria."

Over the hands that are hardened

And rough with the toiling of years—

Hands that have done a stout battle

With hunger and heart-aches and fears—

Bead after bead dropping downward

Breathe prayers full of hope and of trust

From hearts that through bitter temptation

Strove to tread in paths of the just.

"Ave Maria."

Over the hand of the statesman,

Grown weary with guiding the pen—

In the framing of laws and commandments

For the guidance and the bettering of men—

Bead after bead dropping downward,

Full freighted with the pleadings of light,

Till the whole world shall revel in beauty

That is born of the ruling of right.

"Ave Maria."

Over the hands of the beggar:

As he crouches along by the way—

Drawing his rags closer round him,

Teaching his sad heart to pray—

Bead after bead dropping downward,

His weary voice, broken with sighs,

Claims he the aid of his Mother,

The merciful Queen of the skies.

"Ave Maria."

—The Guardian Angel.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to
seize every opportunity to say a
kind word, or do a kind act thatwill make some other human being
or some dumb creature happier.

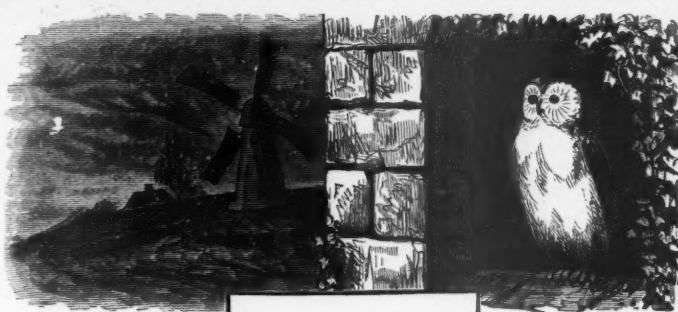
GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy.

- 13477 Campello, Mass.
Mercy to all Living Things.
P., Edith Woodbury.
- 13478 Davenport Centre, N. Y.
White Rose Band.
P., Anna Nilson.
- 13479 W. Davenport, N. Y.
Daisy Band.
P., Evelyn Pindar.
- 13480 Plainfield, Mich.
Chauncy Band.
P., Mrs. Del Porter.
- 13481 W. Davenport, N. Y.
Davenport Band.
P., Leslie Houghtaling.
- 13482 Sparta, Mich.
Sparta School Band.
P., Miss Mattie Smith.
- 13483 W. Davenport, N. Y.
White Rose Band.
P., Willie D. Pindar.
- 13484 Pond Lily Band.
P., Byron Thomas.
- 13485 Providence, R. I.
Lone Star Band.
P., Mrs. E. P. Bailey.
- 13486 Harpersfield, N. Y.
Cheerful Band.
P., Eddie Gaylord.
- 13487 Avilla, Ind.
Columbia Band.
P., M. D. Renkenberger.
- 13488 Buckwalter, Pa.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Bertha Gregory.
- 13489 Harpersfield, N. Y.
Pansy Band.
P., Theresa P. Wickham.
- 13490 Voseville, Wis.
Young Band.
P., Edward Shambeau.
- 13491 Grand Rapids, Mich.
Diamond St. School.
Pansy Band.
P., Susie R. Bailey.
- 13492 Lily Band.
P., Ella Dockeray.
- 13493 Rose Band.
P., Cora A. Gardinier.
- 13494 Violet Band.
P., Ednah O. Holden.
- 13495 Mayflower Band.
P., Viola Bacon.
- 13496 Lilac Band.
P., Abzinia Strong.
- 13497 Snowball Band.
P., Ida Bellamy.
- 13498 Daisy Band.
P., Della S. Bailey.
- 13499 Oak Dale School.
Rosebud Band.
P., Georgia Barker.
- 13500 Lily Band.
P., Agnes Steele.
- 13501 Rose Band.
P., Carrie Fox.
- 13502 Violet Band.
P., Maggie Morrice.
- 13503 Hall St. School.
Daisy Band.
P., Libbie Morrissey.
- 13504 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Alice Doyle.
- 13505 Lincoln Band.
P., Kate Walker.
- 13506 Garfield Band.
P., Charlotte Banks.
- 13507 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Elizabeth Almsfeldt.
- 13508 Buttercup Band.
P., Bettine Orth.
- 13509 Golden Rule Band.
P., Nettie Side.
- 13510 Paris School.
Canary Band.
P., Clara E. Skinner.
- 13511 Sunshine Band.
P., Maud L. Defendorf.
- 13512 Wide Awake Band.
P., Eva Coffin.
- 13513 Sunbeam Band.
P., Marilla Chapman.
- 13514 Helping Hand Band.
P., Hattie I. Defendorf.
- 13515 Golden Rule Band.
P., Ella Bailey.
- 13516 Seventh St. School.
Robin Band.
P., Carrie Plank.
- 13517 Redbird Band.
P., Nellie Chapman.
- 13518 Canary Band.
P., Francis Slayton.
- 13519 Bluebird Band.
P., Ellen L. Turner.
- 13520 Lark Band.
P., Agnes Cornell.
- 13521 Oriole Band.
P., Lucy Stoddard.
- 13522 Sibley St. School.
Buttercup Band.
P., Margaret Strahan.
- 13523 Mayflower Band.
P., Winnifred Owen.
- 13524 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Cecilia Shickell.
- 13525 Never Fail Band.
P., Theresa Wurzburg.
- 13526 Lake School.
Busy Workers Band.
P., Olive C. Linderman.
- 13527 St. Mary's School.
Lily Band.
P., Sister M. Dagoberta.
- 13528 Rose Band.
P., Sister M. Sampsona.
- 13529 Violet Band.
P., Sister M. Barbarina.
- 13530 Pansy Band.
P., Sister M. Bartholomew.
- 13531 Daisy Band.
P., Sister M. Gertrude.
- 13532 Lilac Band.
P., Sister M. Anna.
- 13533 Golden Rule Band.
P., J. Oppenheim.
- 13534 St. John's Orphan Asylum.
Robin Band.
P., Sister M. Aquinata.
- 13535 Canary Band.
P., Sister M. Henrietta.
- 13536 Lark Band.
P., Sister M. Desales.
- 13537 Dove Band.
P., Sister M. Adelaide.
- 13538 Bluebird Band.
P., Sister M. Paschalis.
- 13539 Redbird Band.
P., Sister M. Magdalen.
- 13540 St. Alphonsus School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister M. Cyprian.
- 13541 Excelsior Band.
P., Sister Eleanora.
- 13542 Sunshine Band.
P., Sister M. Bernard.
- 13543 Hope Band.
P., Sister M. Alacogue.
- 13544 Star Band.
P., Sister M. Albertina.
- 13545 St. James School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Sister Gonzalva.
- 13546 Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister Charlotte.
- 13547 Never Fail Band.
P., Sister Respicia.
- 13548 Willing Workers Band.
P., Sister Brendan.
- 13549 Helping Hand Band.
P., Sister Julia.
- 13550 Sunshine Band.
P., Sister Marie.
- 13551 Hope Band.
P., Sister Mary David.
- 13552 St. Adalberts School.
Hope Band.
P., Joseph Kameiski.
- 13553 Sunshine Band.
P., Sister M. Damiana.
- 13554 Star Band.
P., Sister Felixa.
- 13555 Sunbeam Band.
P., Sister Constancia.
- 13556 Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister Frances.
- 13557 Sisters of Charity School.
Lily Band.
P., Sister Rufina.
- 13558 Violet Band.
P., Sister Gonzaga.
- 13559 Tulip Band.
P., Sister Annunziata.
- 13560 Rose Band.
P., Sister Hulda.
- 13561 Pink Band.
P., Sister C. Louise.
- 13562 Lilac Band.
P., Sister Benite.
- 13563 Snowball Band.
P., Sister L. Angela.
- 13564 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Maria Louise.
- 13565 N. Coit School.
Dove Band.
P., Ida M. Knettle.
- 13566 Lark Band.
P., Ednah O. Holden.
- 13567 Canary Band.
P., Eva T. C. Clark.
- 13568 Robin Band.
P., Josephine Smith.
- 13569 Pine Street School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Lucy M. Bettes.
- 13570 Busy Workers Band.
P., Florence H. Brothers.
- 13571 Golden Rule Band.
P., Lottie Arrowsmith.
- 13572 Sunbeam Band.
P., Ida M. Madden.
- 13573 E. Leonard St. School.
Rosebud Band.
P., Ida A. Davenport.
- 13574 Pansy Band.
P., Siella Kromer.
- 13575 Daisy Band.
P., Nettie Willett.
- 13576 Salina, Kansas.
Youths' Band.
P., Maurice Oakley.
- 13577 Providence, R. I.
Smith Street Band.
P., Miss M. H. Brennan.
- 13578 Delavan, Wis.
L. T. L. Band.
P., M. A. Ford.
- 13579 Sidney, N. Y.
Emerton Band.
P., Nellie Loucks.
- 13580 Otego, N. Y.
Happy Band.
P., Mamie Conkling.
- 13581 Sidney, N. Y.
Pansy Band.
P., Dora Hopkins.
- 13582 Woodland, Mich.
Woodland Band.
P., Vina Barnum.
- 13583 Sparta, Mich.
Sparta School Band.
P., Mattie Smith.
- 13584 Sidney, N. Y.
White Rose Band.
P., Gracie E. Hubbard.
- 13585 Columbia Band.
P., Lewis Axtell.
- 13586 Kalamazoo, Mich.
High School.
Excelsior Band.
P., S. O. Hartwell.
- 13587 Longfellow Band.
P., Anna D. Clarke.
- 13588 G. T. Angell Band.
P., Harriet Winslow.
- 13589 J. G. Whittier Band.
P., Anna Cobb.
- 13590 Goldsmith Band.
P., Bertha Brainerd.
- 13591 Audubon Band.
P., Luna Parkhurst.
- 13592 Thoreau Band.
P., Zelma Clark.
- 13593 George Washington Band.
P., Kate Hitchcock.
- 13594 Lincoln Band.
P., Frank Moseley.
- 13595 Lily Band.
P., Franc Turner.
- 13596 Rose Band.
P., Adda Budd.
- 13597 Tulip Band.
P., Mattie Dresser.
- 13598 Violet Band.
P., Kate McSweeney.
- 13599 Burdick Street School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Adda Sherman.
- 13600 Willing Workers Band.
P., Minnettie Thurston.
- 13601 Rosebud Band.
P., Nettie Wilder.
- 13602 Busy Bee Band.
P., Ida Nason.
- 13603 Frank Street School.
George Washington Band.
P., Mary Valentine.
- 13604 Lincoln Band.
P., Kate Finley.
- 13605 Garfield Band.
P., Ella Hays.
- 13606 U. S. Grant Band.
P., Jeanna Born.
- 13607 Morning Glory Band.
P., Lillie Shea.
- 13608 Lily Band.
P., Jennie Macomber.
- 13609 Tulip Band.
P., Aletha Phillips.
- 13610 Canary Band.
P., Luella Bassett.
- 13611 Robin Band.
P., Fannie Rutherford.
- 13612 Bluebird Band.
P., Jessie Miller.
- 13613 East Ave. School.
Longfellow Band.
P., Ruth Brown.
- 13614 Golden Rule Band.
P., Ella Salisbury.
- 13615 Sunshine Band.
P., Kate Shea.
- 13616 Little Helpers Band.
P., Lizzie Hare.
- 13617 Woodward Ave. School.
Lilac Band.
P., Mary Britton.
- 13618 Pink Band.
P., Sarah Hall.
- 13619 Rose Band.
P., Agnes Bevier.
- 13620 Mayflower Band.
P., Margaret Woodworth.
- 13621 Verbena Band.
P., Emma Anderson.
- 13622 Violet Band.
P., Mollie Quintal.
- 13623 Daisy Band.
P., Ida Hobbs.
- 13624 Lark Band.
P., Rosamond Patterson.
- 13625 Star Band.
P., Kittie Longyear.
- 13626 Lovell St. School.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Emily Rice.
- 13627 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Olivia Kelly.
- 13628 Sunshine Band.
P., Mattie Young.
- 13629 Mayflower Band.
P., Agnes Barrett.
- 13630 Buttercup Band.
P., Mary Minkler.
- 13631 Hope Band.
P., Imogen Arnold.
- 13632 Little Helpers Band.
P., Eleanor Tomlinson.
- 13633 Pansy Band.
P., Olive Patterson.
- 13634 Vine St. School.
Never Fail Band.
P., Caroline H. Stanley.
- 13635 Daisy Band.
P., Sarah Beach.
- 13636 Rosebud Band.
P., Alida McAllister.
- 13637 Busy Workers Band.
P., Lora McAllister.
- 13638 Golden Rule Band.
P., Ella Spencer.
- 13639 Black Beauty Band.
P., Lucia Rich.
- 13640 Wide Awake Band.
P., Laura Hill.
- 13641 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Kate Slattery.
- 13642 Clover Leaf Band.
P., Carrie Coleman.
- 13643 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Mary Campbell.
- 13644 Helping Hand Band.
P., Emma Codman.
- 13645 Lake St. School.
Geo. Washington Band.
P., Minnie Mulholland.
- 13646 Lincoln Band.
P., Esther Fairchild.
- 13647 Sunbeam Band.
P., Anna Shenstone.
- 13648 Canary Band.
P., Margaret Hock.
- 13649 Robin Band.
P., Lizzie Campbell.
- 13650 North West St. School.
I'll Try Band.
P., Lois Turner.
- 13651 Helping Hand Band.
P., Maude Davis.
- 13652 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Carrie Putnam.
- 13653 Lincoln Band.
P., Sophie McKinstry.
- 13654 Pansy Band.
P., Abby Barney.
- 13655 Daisy Band.
P., Charlotte Rich.
- 13656 Rosebud Band.
P., Georgia Kent.
- 13657 Canary Band.
P., Lillie Griffin.
- 13658 Lefevre Catholic Institute.
Violet Band.
P., Sister M. Scholastica.
- 13659 Rose Band.
P., Sister M. Euphrasia.
- 13660 Tulip Band.
P., Sister M. Winifred.
- 13661 Pink Band.
P., Sister M. Agnes.
- 13662 Snowball Band.
P., Sister M. Cecelia.
- 13663 Golden Rule Band.
P., Sister M. Zita.
- 13664 Wide Awake Band.
P., Sister M. Mary.
- 13665 Little Helpers Band.
P., Sister M. Clare.
- 13666 Sunshine Band.
P., Sister M. Agatha.
- 13667 N. Kortright, N. Y.
Cheerful Band.
P., Hattie Porter.
- 13668 Chauncy, Mich.
Chapel Band.
P., Theodore McPherson.
- 13669 Security Band.
P., Mrs. Chapman.
- 13670 Harpersfield, N. Y.
Hope Band.
P., Edwin H. Schutt.
- 13671 Helping Band.
P., Ethel A. Schutt.
- 13672 Brockton, Mass.
Russell Band.
P., Henrietta S. Pike.
- 13673 Salem, Mass.
Salem Peace Band.
P., Margaret M. Haskell.
- 13674 Kortright, N. Y.
Pansy Band.
P., Alice E. Boles.
- 13675 East Lee, Mass.
Valley Band.
P., Harry E. Farrar.
- 13676 Providence, R. I.
Julian St. Band.
P., Belle M. Rich.
- 13677 Julian St. Band No. 2.
P., Miss B. Salisbury.
- 13678 Eddy St. Band.
P., Miss A. V. Remington.
- 13679 Fitzwilliam, N. H.
Monadnock Band.
P., Miss A. C. Ayers.
- 13680 Miyazaki, Hiuga, Kiushiu,
Japan.
Miyazaki Megumi no Kwai.
P., Louisa L. Gulick.
- 13681 Weston, Mass.
Little Helpers Band.
P., Miss S. E. Culler.
- 13682 Buffalo, N. Y.
Workers Band.
P., E. H. Letchworth.
- 13683 Tallien, La.
Assumption Parish Band.
P., A. H. Brown.
- 13684 Elba, N. Y.
Elba Band.
P., Lottie Sackett.
- 13685 Colliersville, N. Y.
Courage Band.
P., H. H. Osterhoudt.
- 13686 Chauncy, Mich.
Busy Bees Band.
P., Miss Mamie Waddell.
- 13687 Cannonsburg, Mich.
Recruit Band.
P., Jacob Beason.
- 13688 Worcester, N. Y.
Golden Band.
P., Wilson Hilsinger.
- 13689 Unadilla, N. Y.
Happy Band.
P., Mrs. J. Lyon.
- 13690 Oneonta, N. Y.
Happy Band.
P., Joseph Brewer.
- 13691 Monterey, Cal.
Monterey Band.
P., Fred Mossup.
- 13692 Pesotum, Ill.
Pesotum Band.
P., Gertrude Finch.
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Appleton Band.
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P., Mrs. E. G. Browne.
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E. Hatley Band.
P., Lottie Carbee.
- 13697 Oak Park, Ill.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. Emma L. Morton.
- 13698 New Lisbon, Ohio.
L. T. L. Band.
P., Mrs. W. G. Patterson.
- 13699 Worcester, N. Y.
Good Hope Band.
P., Flo Wagoner.
- 13700 Buffalo, N. Y.
Queen City Band.
P., Edward H. Letchworth.
- 13701 Amesbury, Mass.
Whittier Band.
P., M. E. McDonald.
- 13702 Worcester, N. Y.
Rose Band.
P., Flossie De Long.
- 13703 Milford, Mass.
Gleaners Band.
P., Carrie Daffon.
- 13704 Hamilton, Ohio.
Methodist S. School.
P., Mrs. Fitton.
- 13705 Daisy Band.
P., Eva Davis.
- 13706 Pansy Band.
P., Lotta French.
- 13707 Lily Band.
P., Maggie Nichols.
- 13708 Rose Band.
P., Mrs. Dr. Roll.
- 13709 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Hoover.
- 13710 Violet Band.
P., Miss Fitton.
- 13711 Pink Band.
P., Miss Burbenheim.
- 13712 Snowball Band.
P., Mrs. Beckett.
- 13713 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Minnie Belden.
- 13714 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Ella Jones.
- 13715 Mayflower Band.
P., Mrs. Curtis.
- 13716 Buttercup Band.
P., Mrs. Turnelle.
- 13717 Never Fail Band.
P., Miss Garver.
- 13718 I'll Try Band.
P., C. W. Oneal.
- 13719 Willing Workers Band.
P., James Fitton.

13720 Busy Workers Band.
P., Mrs. Shank.
13721 Sunshine Band.
P., Mrs. Tabor.
13722 Hope Band.
P., Mrs. Slater.
13723 Sunbeam Band.
P., Emma Sweet.
13724 Star Band.
P., D. W. Fittin.
13725 Wide Awake Band.
P., Emma Dart.
13726 Golden Rule Band.
P., L. M. Griffiths.
13727 Helping Hand Band.
P., Mrs. Griffiths.
13728 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Lizzie Dougherty.
13729 Lincoln Band.
P., Mrs. Kimble.
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P., Allen Andrews.
13731 Whittier Band.
P., Mrs. Myers.
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P., Mrs. Fittin.
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P., Thomas Fittin.
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P., Mrs. Sanderson.
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P., Thomas Moore.
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P., Mrs. Fry.
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P., Dora Hargitt.
13755 Star Band.
P., Miss Temple.
13756 Sunbeam Band.
P., Mr. Webster.
13757 Helping Hand Band.
P., Mrs. Markt.
13758 Forget-me-not Band.
P., Robert Hargitt.
13759 Wide Awake Band.
P., Mrs. Durnan.
13760 Touch-me-not Band.
P., Miss Weiler.
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P., Miss Hewston.
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P., Mrs. Stribble.
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P., Miss Smith.
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P., A. Marsh.
13768 Pink Band.
P., Miss Sorbor.
13769 Rose Band.
P., Miss Spencer.
13770 Tulip Band.
P., Miss Steen.
13771 Violet Band.
P., Miss Hoover.
13772 Lilac Band.
P., Miss Vines.
13773 Snowball Band.
P., Mrs. Henninger.
13774 Wide Awake Band.
P., Mrs. Cochran.
13775 Helping Hand Band.
P., Mrs. Leyland.
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P., Mr. Trit.
13777 Hope Band.
P., Miss Smith.
13778 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. F. P. Stewart.
13779 Lincoln Band.
P., Miss Potter.
13780 Washington Band.
P., Mrs. White.

13781 I'll Try Band.
P., F. T. McFarlan.
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P., Mrs. Hoffman.
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P., Lula Brodt.
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P., Emma Seamann.
13786 Lark Band.
P., John A. Brodt.
13787 Dove Band.
P., Anna Seamann.
13788 Thrush Band.
P., John Seamann.
13789 Oriole Band.
P., Mrs. Becker.
13790 Redbird Band.
P., Mrs. Schneider.
13791 Mocking Bird Band.
P., Mr. Keller.
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P., Mr. Kapsch.
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P., S. Y. Wasson.
13794 Busby Bee Band.
P., Lou Jacobs.
13795 Rosebud Band.
P., Grace Davidson.
13796 Daisy Band.
P., Jennie Wasson.
13797 Pink Band.
P., Stella Traber.
13798 Rose Band.
P., Carrie Jacobs.
13799 Pansy Band.
P., Millie Larsh.
13800 Sunshine Band.
P., Bessie Carr.
13801 Hope Band.
P., Ida Mueller.
13802 Star Band.
P., Bertha Mueller.
13803 Sunbeam Band.
P., Ella Brown.
13804 Oriole Band.
P., Ella McKee.
13805 Lark Band.
P., Mrs. Simpson.
13806 Never Fail Band.
P., E. C. Simpson.
13807 Golden Rule Band.
P., Mrs. McKee.
13808 Black Beauty Band.
P., Wm. E. Brown.
13809 Thrush Band.
P., S. Sloan.
13810 Dove Band.
P., John A. Keller.
13811 Geo. Washington Band.
P., Lida Caldwell.
13812 Lincoln Band.
P., Ida Curtis.
13813 Christian S. S. Rosebud Band.
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P., Miss Kline.
13818 Rose Band.
P., Mr. Ritchie.
13819 Violet Band.
P., Chas. Shuler.
13820 Lilac Band.
P., L. E. Brown.
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P., Alice Cole.
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P., Mr. Longfellow.
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P., Wm. E. Cross.
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P., Miss Sloan.
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P., Lottie Dill.
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P., Minnie Fort.
13839 Rose Band.
P., Jessie Reeves.



A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

(Taken from an English publication.)

At a travelling circus many years ago a clever and pretty trick of horsemanship used to be performed. A horse was led into the ring carrying on his back what looked like an old tar-barrel, with which he trotted at first slowly round.

Presently he began to quicken his pace; and as he did so, one end of the barrel was pushed out by some unknown means, and out popped a human head; next a pair of arms pushed themselves out; then the barrel fell to pieces, and a rough-looking countryman, dressed in a loose, shaggy coat, stood up on the horse's back, holding a whip in his hand, which he cracked.

The horse broke at once into a swift gallop, and the man pulled off the greatcoat, which he threw down, showing that he had on another one underneath. As the horse went faster and faster his rider stripped off his other coat; then a third; then a fourth. He seemed to have enough coats on to furnish an old clothes shop, and apparently he did not care in the least what became of them as he flung them from him upon the ground.

At length, by the time the horse reached its fullest speed and appeared almost flying, and the cheers of the lookers-on were at their loudest, the horseman got rid of his last wrappings, and lo! there appeared an elegant, slim figure, dressed in pink silk and spangles—a young girl, with a pair of gauzy, glittering wings fastened to her shoulders.

A scene something like this, only far more wonderful, is acted by every one of those beautiful and happy creatures which we call butterflies; and people may see it done any summer day—without paying any money.

So clearly did the ancient Greeks believe the change of the grub into the butterfly to show forth that *through which we must all pass*, that they gave the insect the name of "Psyche" or "the soul."

And doubtless the Great Master who planned this beautiful creature's life meant us to learn this lesson from it.

Indeed, nothing in Creation reveals His love and power more than the wonderful manner in which the lives of insects are arranged. The wee lively grasshopper which cheers us with its merry music amid the turf, and whose simple chirp is made by rubbing its long, crooked "jumpers" against its rough sides; the busy ants which contrive a house underground, with storerooms, passages, and tunnels, making use of workmanship, industry, and patience which put our own to shame; the millions of minute but perfect creatures, each "a marvel," which creep across our path, are fitting objects of study. Not one among them leads a selfish life; each cares for the wants of others of its own kind, besides taking part in a great system of work for man.

Before the painted butterfly dies she lays a multitude of eggs, with a God-given skill choosing that special kind of plant upon which her young will feed, and managing so that her helpless offspring shall be born upon their feeding ground. Well might a great naturalist say, "When I behold an insect constructing a habitation for itself or a nest for its young, I am filled with veneration and respect for the Divine Workman."

What a pity it is to see a party of children—scarcely more than babies—going out to amuse themselves for a spring morning simply by the *pleasure of killing*. They chase and beat down the pretty, harmless butterflies; in a moment what was a gay, dancing, happy, living thing lies a crushed and mangled bit of rubbish, which is soon tossed away and another caught.

The little people themselves are not happy—cannot be truly so—in such deeds. They might easily be taught to find real delight in learning the ways of God's creatures and watching their habits, while they should be taught that life is sacred—the gift of God, which cannot be idly taken away without displeasing Him.

TRAIN THE CHILDREN.

I do not believe that children are born with cruel instincts, but day by day their little hearts are moulded by their environments either for good or evil, and so with us rests the responsibility of developing what is pure and noble. If we are anxious that the next generation shall extend towards God's dumb animals that love and kindness which is their due, then we must work with hearty zeal among the little ones around us, and in no way can we do this more effectually than by Bands of Mercy. It has proved a most valuable aid in the heart-culture of children. Those interested in this branch of the education of the young invariably assert that when once their hearts are softened, and their sympathies enlisted in the good cause of caring for and protecting animals from harm, they are capable of rendering important services in the cause of mercy, their influence for good being much felt among their companions. We find in every case children are always ready to receive good influence, but, alas! where are those to be found who should come forward and help in this work? When we once have grasped the truth that all created life is given of God, we must do all in our power to help and protect from harm that life, and to cherish and care for that portion of God's creation who so patiently suffer all injury and wrong.—Mrs. S. G. Wood.

Don't speak lightly of the college boy; he knows a great deal that you have forgotten.—Elmira Gazette.

Receipts by the American Humane Education Society in June.

S. J. E., \$150; A Friend, \$100; Mrs. Chas. E. De Wolfe, \$50; C. W. Parker, \$10; Wesley Ritchie, \$10; Mrs. Asa Gray, \$3; E. J. Mason, \$2; Miss Jennie K. Hendrickson, \$1; Cash, \$1. Interest, \$149.19.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. Geo. Holden, Dr. F. P. Sprague, Mrs. T. O. Richardson, Miss Mary J. Carr, Miss Alice Duthirt, Mary F. Metcalf, H. E. Sargent.

For the Telugu Translation of "Black Beauty."

W. D. Chamberlin, \$10; Walter Aiken, \$10; Friends in N. Seltwater, Mass., \$10; J. B. French, \$5; Robert H. Cole, \$5; Mrs. S. E. Lester, \$5; Cash, \$2; Sarah E. Woodman, \$2; Mrs. Warren Heustis, \$2; Miss E. D. Easterly, \$1.05; Miss H. M. Allen, \$0.80; Miss L. S. Cook, \$0.70; T. C. Green, \$0.50; Mrs. K. B. Ford, \$0.50; Wm. Shilling, \$0.50; Miss R. Pettis, \$0.40; Mrs. S. A. A. Corthell, \$0.25; Cash, \$0.10; Mrs. J. Tuthill, \$0.10. And the following for the same object:—

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

D. B. Luther, F. P. Brame, Mary J. Wrenn, Col. H. M. Robert, W. O. Barnes, Miss M. A. Clift, Cash, E. G. Gale, Mrs. M. B. Yates, Mrs. A. C. Burke, H. C. Mills, Henry E. Lincoln, Mrs. E. M. Boomer, Mrs. H. F. C. Todd, Rev. E. L. Jones, J. G. Ewart and daughter, Mrs. M. W. Stockwell, Class II Baptist S. S., Oldtown, Me., Rev. A. G. Upham, M. Bixby, D. S. Cooper, M. E. Tribble.

And from Sales of "Black Beauty."

Mrs. Amy L. Woodward, \$45.90; W. H. Bugbee, \$5; J. T. McKennan, \$10; Ingram Crockett, \$6; Mrs. A. L. Barber, \$9; W. S. Cushman, \$5; J. G. Kinne, \$22.50; Baker & Taylor Co., \$10; A. C. McClurg & Co., \$14.06; John Wanamaker, \$5.50; J. B. Lippincott Co., \$21.06; Palmer, Meech & Co., \$5; E. H. White & Co., \$23.83; A. H. Anderson, \$5; Georgia S. P. C. A., \$5; Syndicate Trading Co., \$20.63. All others in sums of less than \$5, \$51.47.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in June.

Fines and witness' fees, \$154.48.

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Mrs. W. S. Eaton, \$25; Forbes & Wallace, \$10; Dr. Carmichael, \$7; John Capen, \$3.50; Geo. A. Blaisdell, \$3.50; Mrs. A. G. Bullock, \$3; F. D. Gilmore, \$3; E. H. Baker, \$3; G. E. Mansfield, \$3; Miss H. E. Henshaw, \$1.75; Clara H. Buswell, \$1.50; Mrs. J. S. Parker, \$1.50; H. M. Farr, \$1.50.

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All others in sums of less than \$1, \$4.65.

Total, \$220.90.

American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$142.50.

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